## REED AS A BOY

ea-Faring Father and His Witty Mother

PRACTICE IN PORTLAND



he black dog. There is some-about this street which sug-etter, though vanished, days, eer it might have been before at fire of 98. I can see little in other than poverty, dirt, senand want. picture of the street on omas Reed first new the light

by has coursed to you an idea of oral, though not even picturesque, by, it has fulfilled its purpose, and what humble surroundings Reed sprung. Everyone in Portland remembers Mr. Reed's mother, but few say much of his father, other than that he was a scafaring man, and that, engaged in various pursuits associated with salt suter, he at one time ran a small packet between his town and Boston. It is a tradition that fishermen have large families and are poor men; but in Reed's case only the half of this is true. While he was in very ordinary irremustances his whole life long, he had a small family, three children, of whom two, Reed and a sister, Mrs. Control of the same living. Reed's father was mther below the average size, but ac-live, and was noted for his courage. But he said little. He used to smoke his pipe in complaisant silence for hours at a time, before the open fire-place, while Mrs. Reed, who was a born Mitchell, and had a dash of Irish blood



in her reins, and a very sharp tongue

TOM REED AND HIS CHUM CRAIG.

iting turn at satire, his ready wit and, on, his kindness of heart. From her, hewles, came his large figure and his chil characteristics—that hig, round, and we head, with the slow-moving

'my's bayhood was not particularly atful. He was a very poor boy, heigh that was not noticeable by clothen. He was tall and slender, had not the chubby face of his late or of prosperity and power. He was spendent in his ways and decidedly power, a trait he inherited from mother. I heard a curious story out a juvenile birehing that fell to m's share, long ago; and, if the child father to the man, surely there is a ar insight into the future characteries of Mr. Reed in the speech he aire to the master on this unauspion operator.

"If superior knows of any reason why mae applies should not bouch the lips." Then Rowk, let him spenk new, or cover after hold his peace." said the may reach, one day, right under the asjor's more. And he gave a great to at the first red-checked appre in a hard! Quick as a dash, out came a hired, and, with equal skill at parter, the pullagogue said.

If anyone knows any reason why a not should not warm the jacket of a fleed, let him speak near, or for trafter hold his peace."

" said Teen. or its replied the master. in did not get that whipping.



BILLIE CROWELL, WHO "LICKED" TON

sessed of varied interest. He was maintained, in part, while at Bowdoin, by the help of the good ladies of the State street church. At college he took no particular interest in the sciences, but showed a strong trend toward literature, philosophy and the languages. He dropped out two terms languages. He dropped out two terms in the freshman year to earn money to keep going. He tanght school, and, as usual, "boarded" round. Reed now became an omnivorous student of books, generally, however, of a romantic character. His interest in class matters flagged, and when the end came, it was a difficult struggle to get

through examinations.

The spirit of independence now manifests itself, the one ruling passion of his life. This it is that has made him

his life. This it is that has made him less of a politician than otherwise he might have been, were he not so blunt and outspeken in his ways, and did he not take such delight in his freedom.

There was a man in Bowdoin college who once "licked" Tom Reed. That is the very word to use—"licked." If he were alive to-day he could boast of something that would make him preeminent, a victory that politicians would reverence him for—this licking of Tom Reed.

William Crowell, or, as the boys

William Crowell, or, as the boys called him, "Billie" Crowell, was a great, tall, lanky student, with shocky, blonde hair, a close friend of Reed's. A. W. Bradbury says concerning Tom and "Billie:"

and "Billie:"
"One day, I remember, Tom was leaving his room, when he met Crowell just outside the 'door. I do not know what passed between them: at any rate, Crowell was a sturdy, athletic chap, handy with his fists, and—bliff! he unddenly let out a right-hander which made Tom stagger. The row continued for some time, and Tom was fully and finally licked. Remember the incident? Well, I guess Tom doos!"

Bradbury, who is a jolly bachelor, was sitting in evening dress, playing eards under the evening lamp. "I was talking of Crowell to Tom to-day, and Tom said: 'Yes, nearly all the members of our little circle are dead now. Bradbury; but if I could eall just one of them back, do you know whom I would choose?"

"Well,' I said, very slowly.
"I would choose Crowell' was what

It was soon after Tom graduated from Bowdoin that he obtained a posi-tion as assistant principal in the Boys' high school of Portland. There he re-

high school of Portland. There he remained a year.

Never intending to devote himself permanently to teaching, at the end of a year, after performing his duties capably, Reed resigned.

About this time, a lawyer of the place. Mr. S. C. Strout, one day received a letter from a friend, saying that a certain Thomas Reed desired to enter his office as a law student, and asked what could be done.

"My first impression of the young man was favorable," said Mr. Strout, "and I invited him to come into my office, to study. I learned that he was

office, to study. I learned that he was

office, to study. I learned that he was poor, so in Tom's case I concluded to forego the legal trition fee of one hundred dollars a year.

"What kind of a student doll he make? Weil, I soon learned that the young man had brains. I used to send him to look up information for anhunisation to seem law court, occasionally, and invariably found that when he began a matter he went thoroughly to the bottom of it. I did not have to overlook the ground to verify it. That pleased use much, and gradually I came to have a warm place in my heart for Tom. He stayed with me a



k again in 1854 to Portugues ared an appointment as paymaster the navy, a position he held for out one year, when, resuming high studies, he was admitted to the finally in 1865.

He took in partnership with him man manned Smith, the firm They had little

young man named Smith, the firm being Smith & Rued. They had little to do. Times were hard and monny was searce. He did not remain long with Smith; they had some misundenstandings, the result of which was that they

parted.

One of Portland's lawyers says of Reed's law practice: "The first case of importance that I remember Reed had was a homicide affair, involving a drunken sailor, a woman, a bottle of whisky and several such details. It was a plain case against the sailor, but Tom undertook to defend him. He lost the case. It was, I believe, next to impossible to have won. The facts against the sailor were too plain.

"It was difficult for Tom or any other young man to make headway at the Portland bar in those days. The lines were closely drawn, the town was then, as now, very conservative, and it was hard hosing for the newcomer. Old lawyers did not form partnerships with young aspirants, you may be

with young aspirants, you may be

aure."
Tom Reed now was confronted with a condition which, in one form and another, has had its influence on his whole life, and that was the State Street Congregational church and the desire of the women thereof, who had in part paid his college expenses, that he become a minister. Whatever the religious opinions of the youth may have been when he entered college, suffice it to say that he came from Bowdoin fully satisfied in his own mind that he could not embrace the full be-Bowdoin fully satisfied in his own mind that he could not embrace the full beliefs of the State atreet church. What was to be done? He must repay the money the women had advanced him. He determined to do so without delay. It was a struggle, but the independent young man finally conquered. Then Tom signified his intention of withdrawing from the Congregational. drawing from the Congregational. The upshot of the whole matter was that Tom was one day informed that he had been dropped from the rolls, or, in other words, he had been, in the language of the mean politicians, who are low enough to make capital out of anything, "put out of the church." If ever you hear the story that Tom Reed was "put out of church," you will now know how much weight to attach to it. In three years, Tom Reed had acquired a living practice. Then, one day, there came to him what has since proven one of the opportunities of a

day, there came to him what has since proven one of the opportunities of a life-time, the chance to serve his native state in the legislature. This was in 1968. Two years later when he was well up in the law, he was seen walking, occasionally, about the elm-shaded streets of Portland, in company with a petite widow, by name, Mrs. Jones. Her father was Rev. S. H. Merrill, the chaplain of the First Maine cavalry. Tom was very tall while she was small and slight. One child, Catharine, a charming daughter, is the result of the union.

union.

In telling this story of the rise of a poor boy 1 wish to lay stress on the fact that Toen Reed—everyone in Portland calls him "Toen"—told me that he cares nothing for publicity, nor would he aid me in any way in obtaining these facts. Indeed there are people in Portland who would, if they could, leave out the lowly degree of the boy and begin this narrative only with the man's later flattering successes. There is nothing in Toen Reed's life other than that which may inspire and encourage every poor boy in the land—even to hopes of being strock one day by the presidential lightning.

WONDERFUL FEATS OF MEMORY.

Among those who have performed great feats of memory Cassell's Family Magazine mentions Dr. Fuller, author of the "Worthies of England." He Magazine mentions Dr. Fuller, author of the "Worthies of England." He could repeat another man's sermon after hearing it once, and could repeat five hundred words in an unknown language after hearing them twice. He one day undertook to walk from Temple Bar to the farthest end of Cheapside and to repeat on his return every sign on either side of the way in the order of their occurrence, and he did it easily. In such feats as this the eye plays a chief part; yet blind people also have good memories. Rev. B. J. Johns, chaplain of the blind acylum, London, testified that a large number of pupils learn the Psalter and that one young man was there who could repeat not only the whole of the one hundred and fifty of the prayer-book Psalms and hymns, as well as a considerable amount of modern poetry, including Goldsmith's "Descrited Village," but the whole of the one hundred and fifty of the prayer-book Psalms and hymns, as well as a considerable amount of modern poetry, including Goldsmith's "Descrited Village," but the whole of "Milton's "Paradise Lost," with marginal notes and a biography. Lord Macaulay on one occasion repeated to himself the whole of "Paradise Lost," while crossing the Irish channel. At another time, waiting in a Cambridge coffee house for a post chaise, he he picked up a country newspaper containing two political pieces—one the "Reflections of an Extie" and the other a "Parody on a Welsh Ballad"—looked them once through, never gave them a further thought for forty sears.

IMPROVING THE EYES.

Country Life unid to He the Brot Anti-It is eatisfactory to be told by Ellis that blindness in England "slowly decreasing," though G Britain still stands in this respect

A French doctor has noted the remarkable fact that wild beasts caught quite young or born in captivity become shortsighted, the conclusion being that the eye adapts itself to ith habitual sphere of vision, and unless "educated" to use Mr. Ellis' term, to see objects at a distance, loses the capacity of so doing. Even in after life the eye may be, to some expent, so educated, though probably only when the myopia is not considered.

It is thus within the experience of the present writer, says the Landon Spectator, that his sight greatly improved in days gone by, when he became a volunteer, by practice at the butts, so that while at first he could not see the target to shoot at without spectacles at a three hundred-yard range, after a twelve month or so he only needed to put on spectacles at four hundred yards. But beyond that range he was never able to dispense with them.

children, and the conductors of such excursions should take pains to direct the eyes of the children to distant objects—to the furthest hill, church lower, or other land mark—noting, if cossible, any incapacity to discern the elected object, and then selecting ome nearcrone for the weaker sighted.

A ONE-GUN REPUBLIC.

A ONE-GUN REPUBLIC.

When it was secured They Could Not Safety Fire It.

The rulers of the ministure republic of Andorra decided recontly that the country should possess a cannon. Krupp, therefore, was ordered to manufacture one of the most modern type. The great gun arrived at its mountain destination a short time ago, and was placed on the highest point in the "country," so that the citizens could see that the valley was well protected. A day was appointed to try the cannon, which was able to send a ball eighteen kilometers. Just as the two artillerymen of Andorra were ready to fire it occurred to one of the prudent citizens that the shot might cause some trouble. The territory of the republic Andorra does not extend over more than six kilometers. To direct the shot, therefore, toward the surrounding mountains would be the same as firing on France or Italy, as the ball firing on France or Italy, as the ball one of these countries. A war might be the result. It was then decided to shoot the ball in the air, but some one sugthe ball in the air, but some one suggested that it would endanger the lives of too many people in its descent, and possibly bore a great hole in the republic of Andorra. Good council prevailed and the two artillery men were commanded to unload the gun. The shot has not yet been fired, and the good republicans are uncertain what to do with the expensive gun.

Pressure Sustained by Divers.

A veteran submarine diver, in relating some anecdotes concerning the bottom of the sea and its inhabitants, bottom of the sea and its inhabitants, gives some interesting figures as to the amount of pressure the body of the diver is subjected to. At a depth of only one hundred feet the pressure is forty-four pounds to each square inch of the diver's surface. The ordinary human frame has about twelve square feet of surface, which would make the pressure at the depth mentioned above not less than thirty-eight tons. This enormous weight is not all pressing downward, but inwards from all directions.

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body Taking Peru-na.

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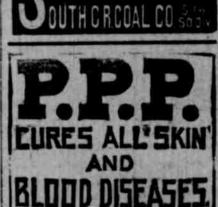
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